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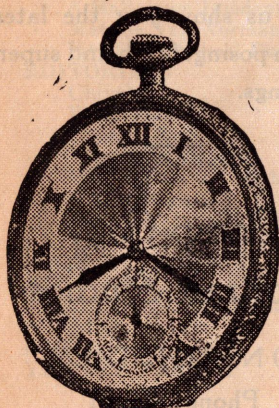
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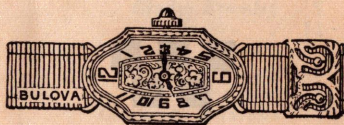


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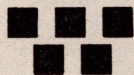
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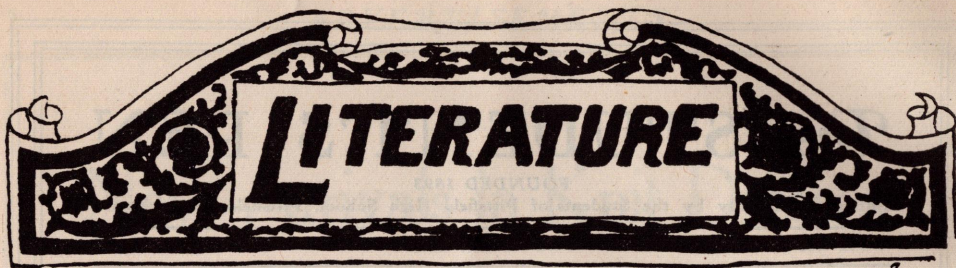
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Her Future Husband

Now if Jack Myers Jr. had had Latin on Friday, the 31st of October, this story would never have been written. But as this recitation was omitted that day, he was able to accept his aunt's invitation, urging her favorite nephew to spend the week-end with her. She lived in a little town called Crayerville where every one knows how many lumps of sugar you take in your tea, and still tells the story how your grandfather stole the pumpkins on Halloween. This had been Jack's grandfather and he was most assuredly his grandfather's grandson. He attended Dover Military Academy which was a short distance from Crayerville. Jack had visited his aunt once before, several years ago, and he thought her such a "good sport" he was anxious to see her again.

Now as has happened from time immemorial there was a Halloween party at the house of one of the younger set. This house was two doors below the home of the "jolly aunt". She noticed all the young people go merrily by to the party and was sorry that Jack was not able to get there in time to attend.

The 11.15 arrived at the station at exactly 11.16.

Jack lifted himself, his bag, and a box of candy drowsily down the steps and, as he had written that he was not sure that he could come until Saturday, no one was there to meet him.

He ambled up the street from the station wondering what trick the fellows were up to back at school. Gee it was a corking night! He would like to ring that doorbell. Let's see, was this the house? Yes he thought so. No lights on, either.

Jack lifted himself, his bag, and his candy up the steps and rang the doorbell. No one answered. He thought he would climb in the cellar window, get in bed and surprise his aunt in the morning.

So he walked softly around to the rear of the house, opened the cellar window quietly and crept in. He had just succeeded in getting himself, his bag, and his candy safely landed on the other side when he heard a door open somewhere above his head. He turned and was about to creep back when to his horror he saw a girl faltering down the stairs backwards, holding a small mirror in one hand and a lighted candle in the other. At the foot of the stairway she paused just long enough to take a fearful glimpse at her own pale reflection and caught sight of his streaked and wide-eyed face peering through the gloom. He had the rare presence of mind to blow out the candle before she gave a wild shriek and dashed up the stairs shouting "There is a man down there". Jack made a Marathon for the window with his bag. By happy chance he arrived at the right house. There he was received with due cordiality by his aunt, allowed to seek his bed and after a long agonized wondering over the affair he fell asleep.

The next day he attended a football game with his aunt. She introduced him to several young men and left him to enjoy the companionship of the younger set for a while.

The boys were discussing the party they had attended the night before. Jack blinked guiltily and said he would have liked to have been there.

"You know," one of the fellows said, "we were doing that stunt where you go down the cellar stairs backwards with a mirror and you are supposed to see the face of your future husband. Ruth Edwards went down and she "flew back" as white as a ghost. She said she had really seen a man down there. We all rushed down. Thought she must have been seein' things but Jove! some one *had* been in for we found a box of candy dropped right from heaven. Oh here come the girls now."

Jack turned almost green when he met Ruth's keen gaze. He knew he had been discovered but he recovered sufficiently to appropriate her companionship for the rest of the afternoon and as much of the evening as he dared.

So November 2 when he betook himself and his bag back to school, he also took with him a picture—not a passing reflection—and a promise to send more of the heavenly sweets.

Pauline Wagner '24.

The Living Ghost

Mary's fingers wandered over the yellow keys of the time worn organ, piecing together the forgotten strain of an old hymn. For an hour or more she had been sitting there, practicing for the coming Sunday service. Dusk was falling, filling the gloomy recesses of the old church with its mysterious, creeping shadows. At last, she caught the elusive notes and filled the quiet, lonely building with a flood of melody.

After playing the piece over several times and feeling satisfied that she could remember it, she gathered up her music and walked slowly toward the door.

She reached it, turned the knob. It would not open. She felt for the key. It was gone! She was sure that she had left the door unlocked and the key on the inside but a careful search on the floor and in her pockets failed to reveal it.

At length she sat down in one of the empty pews to puzzle over her situation. She had come to the church late in the afternoon to practice. Although, she had been busy at the organ, she could see the door and, as far as she knew, no one had come in. How the key had disappeared and who had locked the door was an enigma to which she could find no answer.

However, there was no need of worrying. Her family would come after her when she did not return at the usual time. Even at that, it might be over an hour, for she lived a mile away and she seldom reached home until seven. It was now only six and, being late fall, it was dark and the unheated church was cold, the kind of cold that penetrates to the very bone. The thought of spending such a length of time there, was far from pleasant. Already, she was chilled through and gradually, there was creeping over her a fear, that fear, so very terrifying in the uncertainty of its cause. Was that someone under her seat? She pulled her legs up under her and huddled into a corner of the pew. She

tried to calm herself but her imagination or was it intuition of some horror continued to grow until she dared not move, hardly breathe.

Then, out of that appalling silence came a sound. Was her imagination playing tricks with her? Again it came, this time nearer. It was the clank of a chain. It was being drawn up the aisle and it kept coming, coming— It was upon her. All sensation had left her. Terror had passed its icy fingers through every nerve of her body and in a trance she stared into the darkness with unseeing eyes.

In a moment, the thing was there. It was sitting beside her. Cold, bony fingers grasped her hand and began to close tighter, tighter upon her arm. At this terrifying moment, she began to sing, not knowing why, prompted subconsciously perhaps. Its grasp relaxed and the jangling of the chain ceased. During this momentary release from the frightful embrace, a vivid realization of her desperate situation came over her and her voice caught in her throat. Again, the fingers began to creep across her back and were reaching for her neck. In desperation, she forced a sound to her lips. And then she sang, sang, it seemed for hours while that presence beside her sat immovable.

A long time afterward voices reached her, friendly voices that called, "Mary" and she fainted.

"We've found him at last," said one of the arrivals. "It's a wonder the girl's escaped. He's the most dangerous maniac up at the asylum."

Mary E. Beebe '24.

A Halloween Incident

It was Halloween Eve and Johnny was home alone. His mother and father had gone out and did not expect to be home until very late. It was quite all right to leave Johnny alone for he was a very brave boy (so his parents thought) and was quite able to take care of himself. His mother's instructions were that he was to go to bed as soon as he came in from play. But Johnny remembered it was Halloween Eve and he was just a little bit frightened. So it happened that Johnny was sitting in a large comfortable chair with a book in his hand, which he was trying to read.

It was a stormy night out and the wind was howling through the tree tops with vehemence. A shutter on the window had not been fastened and a gust of wind came along and slammed it until it rattled back and forth. Johnny jumped to his feet! But as the noise subsided he rather shamefacedly sat down again and continued to read his story. Before his mother had gone out, she placed a large pan of apples on the kitchen shelf, thinking that perhaps Johnny would like one before he went to bed. Unknowingly she had put them too near the edge of the board and they now fell off with a mighty crash which re-echoed throughout the house. Again Johnny jumped! Would his parents never come home? He at last gained courage to go into the kitchen and, as he switched on the light and saw the apples on the floor, he smiled to himself and calmly put them back into the pan.

It was cold in the house so Johnny decided he would put some coal on the furnace. He was halfway down the cellar stairs when he heard some pieces of

coal tumble down to the floor. He imagined all sorts of things for grotesque shadows on the wall seemed to flit back and forth everywhere. But Johnny was really brave so he continued down the stairs. His surprise was very great when he saw a large, black cat serenely walk away to another part of the cellar. He breathed a sigh of relief and threw some coal upon the fire. At last, he was upstairs again and he closed the door with a deep sigh.

As he raised his eyes, he saw before him a large, white clad figure coming slowly toward him. Indistinct mumblings issued from this strange figure and you may be sure the howling wind and pale light which came through the window did not make the scene any pleasanter. Johnny gave a loud shriek and ran toward the room where he had been reading. The ghost (as Johnny thought) followed closely behind him. Upstairs and down, the white figure followed Johnny until the poor boy was ready to drop with fatigue and nervousness.

At last he could stand it no longer, so he threw open the front door and was about to run down the steps when he fell into his father's arms. His relief was so great that deep sobs shook his body and he was unable to speak for some time. His father carried him into the house and tenderly laid him upon the lounge. He then discovered a huddled white figure upon the floor. Both mother and father drew back the white covering and were surprised to see their eldest son, Bob, who was supposed to be away at college. They shook him and Bob jumped to his feet. The parents noticed that his arm was in a sling.

"Hello, Mother and Dad," he cried, "I've been sent home from school because I broke my arm in a football scrimmage."

"But why did you scare Johnny so?" inquired both parents at once.

"Johnny?" questioned Bob, "why, Mother, when I came in, I found no one at home so I thought I would go to bed as I was somewhat tired from the trip home. But I had a terrible dream."

"I guess you did," answered the father, "I'm afraid you had a nightmare and frightened Johnny half to death. No doubt you got tangled up in the sheet when you left your bed, and, as Johnny's imagination had been full of Halloween fancies, he supposed you were a ghost. But it is all over and we are glad you are home."

"So am I," cried kindhearted Bob and he hoisted Johnny to his shoulder and carried him upstairs to bed. Thus ended a Halloween Incident.

Mildred Rice, Com'l.

Meleese Van Norman

Somewhere in the midst of the tall, fragrant pine trees, in the heart of the grim Rockies, near the race track of the quick-footed deer, and the frisking squirrel, the sun shines bright and hot on a bit of hard, yellow road, and touches more quietly the roof and chimney of a quaint, old farmhouse, some distance from the highway. A low, stone wall, with the dainty wild roses nodding over it, runs along the roadside for some length, and midway in it is a trim, yellow gate, which stands invitingly open, showing a neat drive-way, shaded on either side by graceful, drooping elms. From the back window a blaze of scarlet tiger lilies and golden marigolds can be sighted to indicate where the flowers reign.

Seated on a rustic bench, amidst the glare of this splendor, is a lass whose beauty surpasses that of the demure, little pansies, and the fiery, red tulips. She is as fair as a lily, as brilliant as a damask rose; her hair, as black as a raven's wing, curls about her snowy-white forehead in tiny ringlets, and the pearl-bloom races in confusion through her satin-smooth cheeks. Meleese, somehow, we could have guessed that that was her name, could have fancied the purity and gentleness that strove to escape from that cold dungeon and proclaim its young mistress as a kind-hearted lass, who had had her own way only too often, and ruled her subjects with the grace and hauteur of a duchess, but now sulked and pouted because her kingdom had been taken, and family difficulties necessitated their leaving the great, buzzing metropolis, and their seclusion in this free, friendly mountain. There were no more luxuries, nothing but plain, wholesome food.

Meleese's one, real companion was her collie, Rover, who was as much petted as his mistress; for Mrs. Van Norman declared them examples of companionship, and even gazed on Rover without a moment's hesitation, as a check to her daughter's being so continually alone.

Justified, she was, in every display of action, characterizing a careful mother; she was as sympathetic a parent as ever guarded a child, but what patience could contest the sad and lonely thoughts in a girl's imagination.

As she sat there, her brow puckered in thought, the wrongs, that existed merely in her own stubborn, little head, increased two-fold. She disliked this new home immensely. Slowly her eyes shifted over the scenery and widened with awe at the beauty of the sparkling streams, the height and power of the mountain, and its great, mysterious silence, as it viewed all, but spoke not.

"God's Country," she murmured softly, then, frightened at the spell the landscape was weaving about her, she said petulantly, "Why did mother come out here, anyway?" Rover edged over to her side and sympathetically rubbed his nose against her soft, white hand. He raised himself into her lap and his great, dark eyes looked appealingly into her stormy, black ones, as if attempting, by the only means in his power, to convey the knowledge that she was wrong, and was doing her sweet-faced mother a great injustice, where, even, now in the farmhouse, she was planning, erecting, tiny colored castles in the air for Meleese. No one counted but Meleese, thought the little lady wistfully. Little by little she would build their fortunes again, not for herself, but Meleese. Again she assured herself of this point and continued quietly about her work, while Meleese refused to lift the burden from her back, allowing it to remain and embitter her against the world in general, and against the dear, sweet mother, whose every thought and care was but for her daughter.

All this Rover attempted to explain, and the low, pitiful whines issued from his throat, coming directly from his animal heart as he realized he had failed, for Meleese, unaware of the kind creature's efforts to insure her happiness, absently stroked his shining coat and drew the huge head close to her, while his hot breath fanned her cheek.

From the little doorway, down through the arbor of roses, bringing the sunlight with her, came a sweet gray-haired lady, almost as small as a child,—a mother that the great, stalwart boy would stoutly defend, protecting her from

any ill winds; and the kind, loving daughter would watch with a jealous care as if she were a valued jewel, and she is, a precious diamond, without a flaw, how pure, we do not realize until later, so often too late.

She softly came up behind her daughter who still had her arms tightly entwined around the collie's neck. She gazed lovingly at the lowered head, and a clear, bell-like voice, without a tremble, said, "Meleese, dear, won't you come into the house? You have as yet eaten no supper."

"No, Mother," replied Meleese jerkily, "I don't want any. I—I guess I'm not hungry."

The little figure turned, walked up the pathway, the tears glistening in her pale, blue eyes. Her hands trembled, and she swayed a little as she reached the doorway. She tried not to mind Meleese. It was but a childish whim, but deep down in her tender, loving heart it hurt as no baby prank had ever done.

The moon was shedding her warm, mellow glow, the owl hooted from his haven, and the tiny robbins, with a tired peep, closed their little eyes, as Meleese slowly rose and walked into the lighted kitchen.

Shortly the lights were extinguished and the farmhouse reposed in darkness. The scented breezes sent secrets back and forth in the stillness, and the distant church bells rang out the midnight hour.

Suddenly the house was surrounded in scarlet, a crimson glow lit up the night, and angry tongues of flame leaped from the windows of the building. The heat grew intense. Meleese stirred uneasily in her sleep, the smoke stopped up her throat, and with a bewildered air, she leaped from bed and ran into the hallway.

In the passage stood a figure all in white, her eyes glowing, her silver hair streaming over her frail shoulders.

"Mother, mother," asked Meleese wildly, glancing at the hungry flames that leaped about them, "what is it?"

"Nothing, nothing, child. Just get outside as quickly as you can. Remember mother is with you."

The flames leaped up about her as she pushed Meleese toward the doorway, yet it seemed that even they dare not touch that scared form. Even in danger she thought but of Meleese.

We all become wise as we are about to journey into borderland, and while at the door of eternity, Meleese realized all she had done, what she had made her brave, little mother suffer, what heartaches she had caused, and how selfish she had been.

The door stood between her and safety. The smoke cut her off from her mother, the flames were wrapping around that slight form; yet the eyes were still glowing, a smile lit up her face, and her lips moved, forming the one word, "Go."

With a sob, Meleese stumbled blindly toward her mother, into the smoke, swayed, caught at the air, and fell headlong on the floor.

The greedy flames licked up the distance between themselves and their victim. The panes fell from the window and a form dashed across the room, grasped the collar of the fallen girl, slowly, pantingly, blinded by the smoke, pulled her into the fresh air.

The flames hissed and crackled in fury as they realized they had lost a victim, and they devoured the house more rapidly, spitting furiously at the reflection that it had but claimed one.

Meleese stirred uneasily. Someone was pulling at her sleeve, and a familiar voice, oh! so sweet, said, "Come, come, you must get into the house before you catch cold. You've been sitting out here all day long."

Meleese stared unbelievably at the face so close to hers, looked up at the farmhouse, warm and friendly in the night air, and, with a sob, buried her face on her mother's shoulder as she had been wont to do when but a child, complaining about her finger that baby kitty had scratched.

By this dream Meleese was taught a lesson and now there is not a girl in this whole, wide world that is more gentle and loving to the little old mother, who no longer traverses the arbor with tear-stained face, but, with a happy light in her eyes, watches the new Meleese flit merrily about the beloved farmhouse.

Gladys Bramley, Com'l.



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Pittsfield Honors Prominent Citizens and Families By Naming Her School Buildings After Them

The City of Pittsfield has honored many of her prominent citizens and families by naming her large and beautiful school buildings in their honor. The following is a sketch of the citizens and the families who have served the community, the commonwealth or the nation, and a sketch of the public school buildings named in honor of them.

Dr. William M. Mercer

Dr. William M. Mercer was born in Kilkenny, Ireland in 1842. He came to this country in 1857 and worked his way through the Harvard Medical School, graduating in 1866.

In 1867 Dr. Mercer began the practice of medicine in Pittsfield, and continued in this profession here for forty years. He was a faithful member of the school committee, serving under the town and city government for thirty-four years. He was also a trustee of the Berkshire Athenaeum.

Dr. William M. Mercer died on the tenth of June, 1908.

A son of Dr. Mercer, Dr. W. J. Mercer, is the chairman of the present school board.

The William M. Mercer School

The Old Orchard Street School, that is now the Mercer Primary, was built in 1879. This structure was built of brick and a single story. It contained four class rooms, having a capacity for one-hundred and fifty pupils. Another story was built in 1895 with an addition of four more class rooms, making a total capacity of about three hundred pupils.

In 1880 the Orchard Street School was used as a training school for teachers and was named "The Training School". This was discontinued in 1905. More than one half of the teachers of the public schools of Pittsfield had graduated from it.

The Orchard Street Building and the high school building on South Street were the only brick school buildings until 1884. The former still serves the city being in the midst of one of Pittsfield's most populous school districts. The latter was destroyed by fire in 1894.

In 1904 a new school building was erected at the corner of First and Orchard Streets at a cost of \$60,000. This building now known as the William M. Mercer School, named in honor of Dr. William M. Mercer, was dedicated February 17, 1905. It contains twelve class rooms, having a capacity for five hundred pupils. There are also an office or principal's room and a teachers' room.

A Junior High course was established at the Mercer School in 1920, being one of the first schools in the city to go on the new school system. The William M. Mercer School, both old and new buildings, has a registration of over seven hundred pupils and a teaching force of almost thirty teachers.

Franklin F. Read

Franklin F. Read was born in Windsor in 1827. He came to Pittsfield in 1838 and a few years later he went to California returning to Pittsfield in 1853. Mr. Read became a prominent merchant in this city. He was also very prominent in town affairs, serving as a member of the school committee for a number of years.

Mr. Read died on December 31, 1906.

The Franklin F. Read School

In 1884 the Town of Pittsfield built its third brick school building at the corner of Fenn and Second Streets. This building, which has been given three different names and is, at the present time a part of the Pittsfield High School, contains eight class rooms and two large rooms on the third floor. It has a capacity for over three hundred pupils and was built at a cost of \$35,000.

In 1907 the Fenn Street School, as it was called, received the title of the Franklin F. Read School, in honor of Mr. Read.

The high school which had grown so remarkably during this time, had, in 1911, an enrollment of over seven hundred pupils. Therefore it was necessary, in 1912, to transfer the commercial section to the Read Building. Since that time this school has been known as the Pittsfield High School of Commerce, being until a year ago a separate organization from the Pittsfield High School. In September 1922 the High School of Commerce became a part of the Pittsfield High School as its Commercial Department.

The Franklin F. Read School has a registration of over two-hundred and fifty pupils and a faculty of twelve teachers.

Joseph Tucker

Joseph Tucker was born in Lenox, August 31, 1832. He graduated from Williams College in 1858 and studied law at Harvard. He was admitted to the Berkshire Bar practicing his profession in Detroit, St. Louis and Great Barrington.

Mr. Tucker served in the Civil War. On May 21, 1863, he received a wound, which necessitated the amputation of a leg. In 1866 and in 1867 he served as state senator from southern Berkshire and was lieutenant governor of Massachusetts from 1868 to 1872.

Mr. Tucker made his residence in Pittsfield in 1873. He was judge of the District Court for Central Berkshire for over thirty years. He served on the school committee and was, for eleven years, its chairman. Judge Tucker was a trustee of the Berkshire Athenaeum, president of the Berkshire County Savings Bank and also president of the Pittsfield Street Railway Company.

He died in Pittsfield, November 28, 1907.

The Joseph Tucker School

The Linden Street School at the corner of Linden Street and Robbins Avenue was built in 1888. This building is of brick and is three stories high. It has sixteen class rooms, seven on the first floor, seven on the second floor and two on the third floor. There is also a room equipped for manual training in the basement. The cost of building this school was \$50,000.

In 1907, the school committee gave it the title of the Joseph Tucker School, the largest grade school in the city at that time, in honor of Judge Tucker. In January 1921 a Junior High School course was introduced at the Tucker School. The Joseph Tucker School has an enrollment of about seven hundred pupils and a faculty of about twenty teachers.

William B. Rice

William B. Rice was born January 12, 1824 in Williamsburg, Massachusetts. He graduated from Williams College in the Class of '41 and began teaching school in different parts of Berkshire County. In 1846, Mr. Rice was called to the principalship of Norfolk Academy, which he held until 1858. In the same year he located in Pittsfield, entering in the steam, water and gas pipe business with Joseph K. Kelbourn. The Robbins, Gamwell and Company developed from this company. Mr. Rice later formed a partnership with his son, Arthur H. Rice, organizing the A. H. Rice Company, silk mill, Mr. Rice being president and his son treasurer.

William B. Rice was a member of the school committee for a number of years. He was serving as chairman of the executive committee of the board in 1876, when a vacancy occurred in the superintendency of the schools. Mr. Rice took charge of this office and two years later he was elected, by the school committee, superintendent, an office which he held for a period of seven years.

William B. Rice died March 10th, 1907.

The William B. Rice School

The first modern school building to be built in the Morningside section of the city was the Winter Street School built in 1890. This school was built at a cost of \$40,000. It is of brick, three stories high and when built contained eight class rooms, having a capacity for three hundred pupils. In 1905 a four room addition was made giving the school a capacity for five hundred pupils. In 1899 the Winter Street School was named, by the school committee, the William B. Rice School, in honor of Mr. Rice.

The William B. Rice School has an enrollment of almost five hundred pupils and a teaching force of fifteen teachers.

The Stearns Family

If you were to visit the southwestern part of the city fifty years ago, you would have noticed the flourishing little village of Stearnsville.

The first of the Stearns family to come to Pittsfield, about 1810, was Daniel Stearns. Mr. Stearns, who had been in the woolen business before he came here, purchased the Valentine Rathbun fulling-mill southwest of the center village. In 1811 he built what was long known as the "New Woolen Factory", a wooden building thirty-one feet by forty and one story high. Daniel Stearns retired from business in 1825, leaving the control of his property to his sons, but retaining the title until his death in March, 1841.

The Stearns Brothers in 1826 formed a firm under the name of J. Stearns and Brothers, and in the same year a new brick factory was built. In 1835, two of the brothers disposed of their interest in the firm, and it then became the D. and H. Stearns Company. In 1853, below the brick mill, two stone mills were built. In 1861 the brick mill burned and the firm turned their attention to the stone mills, until December 1865 when they sold them to J. Barkers and Brothers.

In 1866 a corporation was organized under the title of the Stearnsville Woolen Company, the Stearns brothers being the largest stockholders. They purchased all the water power of the firm that had not been sold to the Barkers and built in 1867 a wooden mill, one hundred and sixty feet long by forty feet wide and two stories high. This mill had been nearly furnished with machinery when it was entirely destroyed by fire. A part of the mill was rebuilt but about 1880 the Stearnsville Woolen Company failed.

The villages of Stearnsville and Barkerville, since the failure of its mills, have almost ceased to exist and these two villages are now a part of West Pittsfield.

The Stearns School

The Stearnsville School, or the Stearns School as it is called now, was built in 1892 at a cost of \$18,000. This building contains four class rooms and a recitation room accomodating pupils only to the sixth grade. The pupils being then transfered to the Pomeroy Building which is in the city proper.

The Stearns School has an enrollment of about one hundred and fifty pupils and a teaching force of six teachers.

Solomon L. Russell

Solomon L. Russell was born at Chesterfield, Massachusetts in 1791. He came to Pittsfield in 1827, and with his brother purchased the Captain Merrick tavern at the corner of North and West Streets. In the fall of the same year, the tavern was destroyed by fire, and with the aid of many citizens of the town, the Messrs. Russell built, on the same site, a new hotel known as the Berkshire House. Solomon L. Russell continued his connection with the Berkshire House for nine years.

In 1826 he purchased a beautiful farm, north of the village, and when he sold his interest in the Berkshire House, he retired to his farm. He was very prominent in town affairs, being one of the foremost citizens to improve the Park or "Common" as it was then called. Mr. Russell was very much interested in the education of the boys and girls of the town. He gave money to many of the private schools and served on the Pittsfield School Committee for many years.

Solomon L. Russell died on January 8th, 1882, Pittsfield's oldest citizen at the time of his death.

The Solomon L. Russell School

The Solomon L. Russell School on Peck's Road, named in honor of Solomon L. Russell, was dedicated May 28, 1897, with appropriate exercises. This was Pittsfield's first school building to be named after a prominent citizen of the town. This school is built of brick and is two stories high. It contains eight large class rooms, a principal's room and a recreation room for teachers. There are also two temporary rooms built in the basement a year ago. The building of this school cost the city \$38,000.

On January 31, 1921, a Junior High School course was established at the Russell Building, this school thus becoming a Junior High Center for the North End. The Solomon L. Russell School has a registration of over three hundred and fifty pupils. Its faculty consists of ten teachers.

(To be continued)

EDITORIALS

Chivalry

Chivalry! Instantly that word brings to the mind the days when the gallant knight of old rode to the tournament with his lady's favor waving gayly from his helmet, or when the matador of Spain dared face death before the on-rushing bull to save the queen's kerchief which she had accidentally dropped over the rail. But chivalry can be found at the present day, only in a pitifully small quantity. Perhaps this is because the woman of today is no longer the frail creature she was a century ago. She has come to be recognized at home and in the business world, as being on the same basis with man. She is no longer a delicate bit of femininity to be cherished and protected. The modern woman can easily take care of herself. She engages in practically everything a man does, for are there not women physicians, machinists, carpenters, athletes, presidents of large corporations and other innumerable occupations which limited space will not permit to be mentioned?

Yet the modern woman still admires chivalry, though some do not appreciate it when it is enacted before them. I have seen a poor mill worker who has been on his feet all day and who has had to rush to get a car, give his seat to a girl who has been employed all day doing nothing. And did she thank him? Not even as much as nodded her head in acknowledgment of his act. But on the whole, women are not of this type.

A great philosopher has said that chivalry is slowly dying out and that in future years the word will be obsolete. Of course that remains to be seen, but I sincerely hope that if such a change is destined to come, it will not be in my day.

Ruth E. Bradway, Com'l.

Perseverance

It is easier to run fast for a minute than to walk along the dusty road for a day. How many people there are who, having done a piece of work, sit down with folded hands, waiting to see the results of their labor, before doing anything else. And perhaps there are no results and they are downhearted. Then, when they are compelled to work they do it in a careless manner. Now success is not won in a week, a day or even a year. We must persevere for by perseverance alone, success is possible. No great work is done in a hurry.

"The heights by great men reached and kept
Were not attained by sudden flight,
But they, while their companions slept,
Were toiling upward in the night."

C. Grandshaw, Com'l.

Physical Training for Girls in Pittsfield High School

Great was the excitement of us lively, energetic Freshman and Sophomore girls on Monday, September 24th, when we were told that we must take physical training. On reaching our home rooms, each of us was assigned to two periods a week of physical training.

We meet in the auditorium with Miss Ruth Nicholson, the director, one of the best in the city for this work. The first time the classes met, the girls' weights and measures were taken, and they were also given a mark in posture. Most of the girls' marks in this were quite low, and it is surprising how few girls, out of all the classes received the mark "good". A great many were given "fair", "poor", and even "very poor". However Miss Nicholson thinks that by the time she gets through drilling us, we who have had low marks will receive either "fair" or "good".

The second time we met, real work was started. Correct, ordinary marching was practiced. If anyone had happened to come in while we were skipping, he surely would have thought we were kindergarten children instead of what we are supposed to be—dignified, high school pupils. Nevertheless, skipping will benefit us in the end, and we shall be little children if necessary. Besides skipping, a few wand exercises were practiced, these helping to straighten our shoulders.

I think that before we get through this year, more of the girls who do not appear to care for this sort of thing will like it better, and we shall soon be able to stand on an equal footing with the boys in athletics. Also these exercises will give us more ambition for studying, and I am sure, that, all in all, physical training for the high school girls is a great step in the advancement of our school system.

Gladys E. Andrews '26.

In Memory of Our Late President, Warren G. Harding

A whole nation was grieved when, in the early evening of August 2nd of the present year, news was flashed by telegraph to all the world that Warren G. Harding, twenty-ninth President of the United States of America, had suddenly passed away in his rooms in the Palace Royal at San Francisco from an attack of apoplexy. On the arrival of the funeral train at Washington the body of the beloved President was laid in state in the famous East Room of the White House. At three o'clock Friday, August 10, the funeral and final services were held at the Marion cemetery in Marion, Ohio.

Tributes were paid to the late President in Berlin, London, Rome, Paris, and other large European cities. In this country stores closed for the entire day, business activities were suspended during the minutes of the final service, ball games were postponed; theatres were closed; and out at sea, ships were halted. Throughout the entire nation church bells were tolled. Taps were sounded in all the military camps of the country. Thus, in such a solemn manner, the American people expressed their deep grief.

Gladys F. Briggs '24.

Why We Go to High School

If the question were asked, "Why are you attending high school?" one might answer, "Because I have been attending school for eight or ten years and it has become a habit;" another might say, "according to law, I am not yet of working age, and so I must go to school;" while another might reply, "Oh just for fun." But we all honestly know that a more serious reason is, or should be, the answer to our question. Fundamentally, we are all here to learn, to receive further instruction in those subjects begun in Junior High School, and in so doing to develop the mind.

Today, education is essential to make progress in society. Many trades and professions call for men and women who can offer training not only in one special field, but training also in a background of a more general nature. A high school education opens fields of thought, new to many of us, in our study of the Classics, of History, of Science, of Civics and of Mathematics. Here and there we catch glimpses of great scholars and teachers, of deeds and events that make history, and of the wonders and possibilities opened up by science. New ideas and questions continually brought up in the mind tend to develop it. As a result of our years of study here, we should be young men and women with minds open and ready for a special field of work, and more important, perhaps, we should form here those habits which will make for success in future life. The power of concentration, interest and joy in work, regularity in study, punctuality in attendance, and the pleasure of general friendship, we may all make ours, if we but apply ourselves.

Times have changed and we must change with them. No longer can we do as men and women have formerly done—rise to fame from obscurity. No longer will a grammar school education suffice. It is necessary today, to have that knowledge and training of the mind that we obtain in high school, and that is why, fellow students, we are all here.

Elizabeth White, '24.

School Spirit

The boy or girl who thinks first for the interest of the school, who is jealous of its good name, who is eager to aid not only in athletics but in any enterprise which will aid it in any way; who is willing to sacrifice time and even personal advantage for its welfare, is the one who will find school a joy and its memory a satisfaction. Such a pupil has the finest sort of school spirit, for school spirit does not consist so much in cheering the team on to victory or even supporting it in times of defeat, but in being loyal to the ideals and purposes of the school. School spirit is not noise; it is an attitude of mind and heart. It manifests itself in pride in the appearance of the school and its surroundings and in thoughtful care of its property, such as books, desks, and rooms. Pupils who have the true school spirit are considerate of their schoolmates and teachers and are enthusiastic and loyal supporters of all school activities.

Carmen Massimiano, '27.

Patience

One moonlight night in the latter part of May, I stepped out into my backyard for a breath of air and a little rest. My sister was sitting on the back porch watching the moon and the stars. She cautioned me to make no noise but to come and sit by her. When I was seated, she told me to sit very still and listen to the whippoorwill. As I had never heard one, I readily complied by sitting very still and holding my breath waiting anxiously for the faint notes. Everything seemed to be working against me. Several cars rattled by on the main road making a hideous clatter which echoed through the still air of the night. The calf was walking about the barnyard munching grass very noisily, or so it seemed to me. Frogs croaked in a nearby swamp and various insects were making a shrill tune. I stirred uneasily but my sister whispered to me to be patient. Again I sat still listening intently. Then the faint beautiful notes of the whippoorwill sounded in the night; but only for an instant, then all was quiet. But what a reward it was to hear those beautiful strains. I arose feeling well paid for my few moments of patience.

Patience was the means by which I heard the beautiful song. Patience is the means of hearing, seeing, and attaining other beautiful things. At first, be patient in your every day experiences; later in your daily toil. Not too patient, so that you let opportunities slide by you or become slow in the discharge of your work, but be patient in the many trials and disturbances that visit you every day. As the great pianist wins his way by patience, so must everyone of us win his by patience.

Frances Rawson, Com'l.

On Being "New"

To go to school, as a rule,
Is great, and lots of fun;
But to be new, to stumble through
To know not any one;
To go to class, to have folks ask
"Say, who and what are you?"
It gets one's "goat", it makes one choke
It's awful to be new.

Someone will smile, once in awhile
Someone will show the way.
But Oh the fear,—how very queer,
One feels that first new day.
Day by day, one learns the way
And meets of folks, a few.
But just the same, (no one's to blame)
It's awful to be new.

Anna Burwell '24.



Exchange List

The October issue of THE STUDENT'S PEN bids welcome to its exchanges, both old and new. THE STUDENT'S PEN hopes to make many friends during the coming season. We gladly welcome any criticism that will aid us to better our paper. We shall attempt to offer to you constructive criticism, and hope that you will do the same toward us.

The Albanian, Washington, D. C.; The Academy News, Hartland, Maine; The Argus, Waterbury, Conn.; The Bumble "B", Boone, Iowa; The Blue and Gold, Malden, Mass.; The Bethlehem Paper, Bethlehem, Pa.; Boston University News, Boston, Mass.; The Bowen Arrow, Chicago, Ill.; The Chips, Richmond, Vt.; The Central High School Recorder, Columbia, Tenn.; The Crimson and Gray, Southbridge, Mass.; The Central Recorder, Springfield, Mass.; The Crimson and White, Albany, N. Y.; The Creighton, Omaha, Neb.; Carthage School Paper, Carthage, N. Y.; The Central Outlook, St. Joseph, Mo.; The Catamount, Bennington, Vt.; The Clarion, Portsmouth, N. H.; Current News, Pittsfield, Mass.; The Drury Academe, North Adams, Mass.; The Delphia, Providence, R. I.; The Echo, Pittsfield, Mass.; The "E", Chicago, Ill.; The Echo, Thomsonville, Conn.; The Emblem, Southington, Conn.; The Exponent, Greenfield, Mass.; The Garnet and Gray, Albany, N. Y.; The Graphic, Liverpool, N. Y.; The Herald, Westfield, Mass.; The High School Review, Lowell, Mass.; The High School Chronicle, Danbury, Conn.; The Hyde Park Weekly, Chicago, Ill.; The Herald, Westfield, Mass.; Hotchkiss Literary Magazine, Lakeville, Conn.; The Irup, Boston, Mass.; The Item, Dorchester, Mass.; The Joilet Township Bulletin, Joilet, Ill.; The Johnnean, Mount Lakes, N. Y.; The Lancastrian, Lancaster, N. H.; The Little Red School House, Athol, Mass.; The Messenger Proof Sheet, Annadale-on-Hudson, N. Y.; The Maverick, Tonkawa, Oklahoma; The Middlebury Campus, Middlebury, Vt.; The Medley, New York; The Mercury, West Springfield, Mass.; The Newtonia, Newton, Iowa; The Nut Shell, Stonington, Conn.; The Netop, Turners Falls, Mass.;

The News, Northwood, Iowa; The Orange and Black, Middletown, Mass.; The Opinion, Peoria, Ill.; The Observer, Ansonia, Conn.; The Owl, Hudson, N. Y.; The Palmetto and Pine, St. Petersburg, Fla.; The Periscope, Great Barrington, Mass.; The Papyrus, Greenville, Ill.; The "Q", Albany Boys Academy, Albany, N. Y.; The Record, Patchogue, N. Y.; The Roman, Rome, Georgia; The Red and Black, Boonton, N. J.; The Red and Gray, Fitchburg, Mass.; The Ri-Chu-R, Stone, Vt.; The Red and Black, Claremont, N. H.; The Racquet, Portland, Maine; The Reflector, Woburn, Mass.; The Rensselaer Polytechnic, Troy, N. Y.; The Student's Review, Northampton, Mass.; The Scarlet Tanager, Chatham, N. Y.; The Sabre, Front Royal, Va.; The Spectre, Chicopee, Mass.; The Syracuse Daily Orange, Syracuse, N. Y.; The Sheaf, Sask., Canada; The Spotlight, Rutland, Vt.; The Sizzler, Monroe, Louisiana; The Shucis, Albany, N. Y.; The Student, Malone, N. Y.; The Taconic, Williamstown, Mass.; The Tattler, West Des Moines, Iowa; Top O' The Hill, Gorin, Mo.; The Tabula, Torrington, Conn.; The Vermont Cynic, Burlington, Vt.; The Winooski High School Banner, Winooski, Vt.; The Wichita Hi-Times, Wichita Falls, Texas; Ypsi Sem, Ypsilante, Mich.

What You Think Of Us

Student's Pen: Your paper is the best that we have received. Your cuts and "Ye Poll Parrot" are especially good. C. H. S. Reflector.

Student's Pen: Your graduation number is very good. The poetic history of the graduation class is clever and original. Why not comment more on your exchanges? We welcome destructive as well as constructive criticism. We like your commercial department. Your jokes are excellent.

The Scarlet Tanager.

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We suggest

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**REO... PASSENGER CARS AND
SPEED WAGONS**

SALES AND SERVICE

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What We Think Of You

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Tom: Say, pa, teacher says we're here on earth to help others.

Pa: To be sure we are. What makes you ask?

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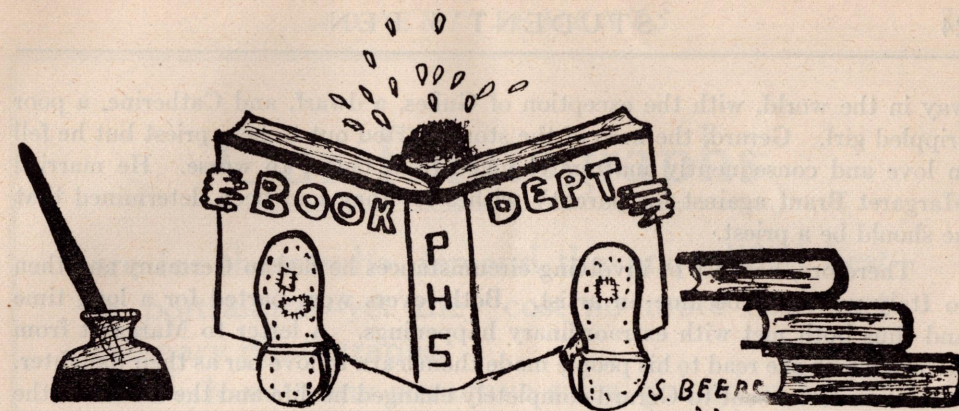
Savings Department

Trust Department

Christmas Club



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PITTSFIELD, MASSACHUSETTS



"The Dim Lantern", by Temple Bailey

The Dim Lantern by Temple Bailey is one of the most interesting stories I have ever read. The scene is laid for the most part in and around Washington. Jane Barnes, a happy-go-lucky girl, full of life and fun, lives with her brother Baldwin, familiarly known as "Baldy", in a suburb of Washington. One morning after Baldy had gone to work Jane sat down to read the paper. One item in particular caught her eye. A bride of a fashionable wedding, Edith Towne, had been left at the altar, while newspapermen had searched in vain for the groom, Delafield Simms, a wealthy New Yorker.

When Baldy returned in the evening, he told Jane a strange story:—His old flivver had stalled on the bridge as he was entering the city, and while fixing it, he noticed a tall, slender, well-dressed woman pass him, go down the hill and along the slippery path by the river. As he watched, she slipped and fell. He ran to her aid and offered to take her to a car line. Some hours after this event, Baldy found in the car, a hand bag containing a large sum of money, and what was more important, a beautiful diamond ring inscribed "Dell to Edith—Forever". He then recognized his passenger as Edith Towne.

It is from this event that the story has its source. Of course Baldy and Edith meet again, and Frederick Towne, Edith's uncle and guardian, meets and falls in love with Jane. Jane has also another lover, Evans Follette, a returned soldier who has known her since childhood.

The lives of these five characters are woven into a story which always presents the unexpected. The course of true love is full of twists and turns for Jane, while Evans Follette and Frederick Towne are scarcely better off. Baldy has his difficulties, but they are of an entirely different kind. I am sure you will enjoy reading this story, but take warning—don't begin it unless you have plenty of time to finish it, otherwise your beauty sleep will suffer.

R. Simmons '24.

The Cloister and the Hearth

It is one of those gripping old love and adventure stories of the Middle Ages, opening in Holland where Elias and his wife, Catherine, lived in the little town of Tergon. Here their children grew up until they finally left to make their own

way in the world, with the exception of Guiles, a dwarf, and Catherine, a poor crippled girl. Gerard, the hero of the story started out to be a priest but he fell in love and consequently matters changed from better to worse. He married Margaret Brant against his parent's wishes for they had been determined that he should be a priest.

Therefore, because of involving circumstances he fled to Germany and then to Italy where he became an artist. Both lovers were parted for a long time and thus both met with extraordinary happenings. A letter to Margaret from Gerard which she read to his people made them learn to love her as their daughter. An untrue letter sent to Gerard completely changed his life and the thread of the story; and such an ending—just the opposite of what one would imagine.

Elizabeth Frank, Com'l.

"The Last of the Mohicans" by James Fenimore Cooper

"The Last of the Mohicans" is a thrilling story of colonial warfare in the region of Lake Champlain and Lake George in which the English and French were warring for acquisition of the surrounding territory. Uncas, the last Mohican, fought with the English and did many heroic deeds in tangles with Indian enemies, escaping death many times by his rapid running and quick scheming.

The French forced the English to surrender Fort Henry but, as the soldiers were marching from the fort, the Indians made an attack in which the English general's two daughters were carried away. Duncan, a friend of the general, saved the younger and they later went into civilization and were happily married.

Dorothy Fisher, Com'l.

"Friday to Monday" by William Garrett

When Sir Richard Montague returned home from the dangers of exploring savage lands, he expected to spend a quiet week-end at the home of his old friend Philip Mornington, whom he had not seen for years. Certainly one would never expect to find danger lurking in a stately, English country house. But the real reason that brought Richard there was the fact that Joan, Philip's sister, was also visiting there at the same time. Philip was hardly recognizable after all these years, the house was changed, and all the servants had been replaced by queer Orientals. Sir Richard knew that there was a mystery somewhere and he became absolutely sure of it when, after passing a few restless hours, he went downstairs to the library where he encountered his host, evidently under the influence of some drug, and who put in his hand, with no explanation, a box containing some black beads. The next morning Sir Richard finds himself the possessor of a famous string of black pearls, the robbery of which has aroused the whole country. He becomes deeply concerned in the mystery and finally solves it, in three days, fighting drugs, Chinese, and an international gang of crooks.

Rose Simkin '24.

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ATHLETICS

FOOTBALL NOTES

Football practice started Wednesday, September sixth, with forty-six men out for the eleven. The first week was spent in line and backfield practice, together with side stepping and other tricks of the game. George Kitteridge of Penn. State, a former Pittsfield High football player, helped Coach Carmody in the line practice. The individual standing together with discontinued interest on the part of some cut the squad to about twenty-four men. Practice has been held daily on the Common and at Clapp Playground under the direction of the coach who is assisted by George Childs.

Kent 27—Pittsfield 7

Our first football game of this season was played with Kent. The trip was made by automobile. The party leaving at 9.30 included 19 players, the coach, and the manager. They went from Pittsfield to Canaan, Conn. and then passed through all the Cornwalls (one of the fellows said that he had never seen a town so split up in all his life), thence to Kent arriving there about noon. The party enjoyed dinner at the Kent Inn as guests of the school. On the trip home a different route was taken, traveling through Lakeville, South Egremont, and Great Barrington, arriving at Pittsfield about 8.30.

The game began at 2.30. Learned put the ball in play by a placement kick to Kent's 20 yard line. Cady ran the ball back 15 yards, followed by a march down the field towards Kent's own goal. Cady made the first touchdown by a plunge across the line, and Jones scored the point after the touchdown.

Coombs received the kick-off and tore off 20 yards. At the end of the first quarter the pigskin was on Kent's 15-yard line. During the second period a pass was made from Abrahms to Garrity, scoring Pittsfield's first touchdown. Bastow scored the next point. Just before the end of the first half, Kent fumbled the ball and Doyle fell on it.

In the third quarter Learned punted to Goetz on the 15-yard line after which Kent's second touchdown was scored by Jones who successfully kicked the goal. Late in the third period Kent made an unsuccessful attempt at a field goal from the 25-yard line. End of the third quarter.

Early in the fourth period Kent made another try at a field goal, but failed. Coombs caught up the ball and carried the pigskin to the 45-yard line. Later when Pittsfield punted, Jones succeeded in carrying the ball over the line for Kent's third touchdown; but the kick for the point after was unsuccessful. Muldowr intercepted a forward pass and scored Kent's fourth touchdown. The try for the goal was successful. At the end of the game Pittsfield was in possession of the ball in mid-field.

The line-up:

Pittsfield	Kent
Whalen, Hesiter, Abrahms, r.e.	Cosden, Palmer, B. Cheney, l.e.
Controy, Bastow, r.t.	Baker, Brighton, l.t.
Doyle, r.g.	Burbank, Brewster, l.g.
Gregory (Capt.), c.	Holwell, Rich, c.
Flynn, Shaw, l.g.	Bachelor, Wagner, r.g.
Learned, l.t.	J. Cheney, Pond-Front, r.t.
Garrity, l.e.	Noble, Palmer, r.e.
Dannybuski, q.b.	Goetz, Bent, q.b.
Coombs, Abrahms, Nowell, r.h.b.	Jones, (Capt.), Muldowr, l.h.b.
Abrahms, Heister, Nowell, l.h.b.	E. Cady, R. Cady, Muldowr, r.h.b.
Bastow, Coffey, f.b.	Hart, Bodine, f.b.

Score—Kent 27, Pittsfield 7

Score at half time—Kent 7, Pittsfield 7

Touchdowns—Cady, Jones (2), Muldowr, and Garrity

Goal following touchdown—Jones (2), Muldowr, and Bastow

Referee—Bell

Head linesman—Smith

Umpire—Walker

Timekeeper—Harrington

Time—Four 12 minute periods

Herbert Wollison '24.

Pittsfield 33—Lee 0

The second game of the season was an easy walk-away for Pittsfield. At all occasions, Learned's punts gave good distance. In the first quarter two touchdowns were made by Bastow and Coombs, and one goal after touchdown was scored. Also in this period a gain of about 17 yards was made by a pass from Dannybuski to Coffey.

During the second quarter another touchdown was made by Bastow. During this period, there came out of a clear sky, a series of fumbles, by both teams the ball changing hands several times, but Learned finally recovered the ball. A pass was effected by Dannybuski to Garrity for a gain of 20 yards.

Just before the end of this period a touchdown was scored by Bastow, but the whistle for half time deprived Pittsfield of the touchdown.

During the second half Bastow staged a big plunge from the 2-yard line to mid-field, Dannybuski later scoring goal and the point scored after touchdown by Bastow.

A forward pass by Lee failed when Abrahms intercepted it and made a gain of 15 yards. At this point of the game Joe Garrity was changed to his old back-field position, and shone in his old end runs, finally walking over the line for the fifth touchdown and scoring the point after touchdown.

Late in the fourth period Lee staged a clever forward pass attack, but failed to score. With one exception, Lee at no time threatened even to score.

The second team of Pittsfield was given a chance to show its worth, and they did remarkably well. In fact all players showed a marked improvement over last week, due to the persistent efforts of Coach Carmody and the lessons learned in the Kent game.

Pittsfield was well represented, in fact, there were more Pittsfield people than of Lee.

The line-up:

Pittsfield

Coffey, Flynn, Garrity, Stewart, r.e.

Learned, r.t.

Doyle, Shaw, Skinner, r.g.

Gregory (Capt.), Hollister, c.

MacDonnell, Hollister, Tomini, l.g.

Controy, Rawlings, l.t.

Garrity, Whalen, Hebert, l.e.

Stickles, Dannybuski, q.b.

Abrahms, Nowell, r.h.b.

Coombs, Britt, l.h.b.

Bastow, Heister, f.b.

Lee

Lockes (Capt.), Camarco, l.e.

Smith, Donald, l.t.

Simoni, Auoldi, Lockes, l.g.

Forde, c.

Shields, Baurchorde, Mortin, r.g.

Ingraham, r.t.

Hayden, r.e.

Kelly, q.b.

Conroy, l.h.b.

Johnson, r.h.b.

Coughlin, f.b.

Score—Pittsfield 33, Lee 0

Touchdowns—Bastow (2), Coombs, Garrity, Dannybuski.

Goals after touchdown—Bastow (2), Garrity

Referee—Dowd of Lee

Umpire—McGrady, corporal of the Mass. State Police

Timekeeper—Mahon of Lee and Carey of Pittsfield

Head linesman—Sullivan of Lee

Time—Four 12 minute periods

Student Knew

Teacher: "Well, what would you do to disperse a mob?"

Student: (After long thought) "Pass the hat around, sir. They always leave when that happens."

Robbins & Gamwell Co.

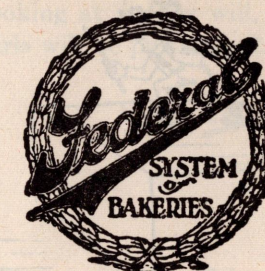
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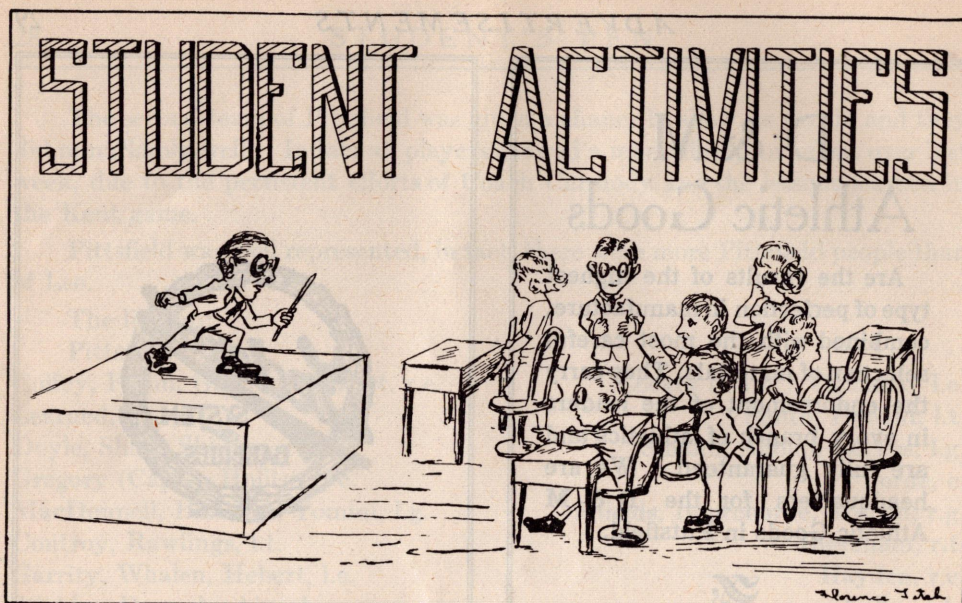
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John F. Magner, Prop.

**Stop!****Look!****Listen!**

Yes, it's the Senior A's to whom all have been looking up to for our great works. We have at last accomplished that dangerous feat of advancing to the highest point in our high school career and we have had two class meetings since you last had an opportunity of reading the "Pen". On September fifth, at our first meeting the following officers were elected: President, James McSweeney; Vice President, Helen Beattie; Secretary, James Conroy; Treasurer, Elizabeth White. The Executive Committee consists of the above officers and Pauline Wagner. Dorothy Cain and Dwight Root were chosen to represent the Senior A class at the Student Council. Miss Pfeiffer was elected class adviser to succeed Mr. Russell who has resigned because of various responsibilities in other organizations.

On September twenty-first about twenty of our famous class met in the lecture room to decide upon a class play or dance. A vote of 14 to 5 was cast in favor of the former. Miss Mary Beebe was elected chairman of the play committee. Someone then brought up the question, Would Commercial unite with us in giving the play? As no one was able to answer it, however, we decided not to make any more plans until Mr. Strout had been consulted. Watch for our next report!

James Conroy '24, Sec.

Senior B Class Notes

On September 13, 1923 the class of '24 had the great pleasure of being summoned to a meeting as Seniors. Only twenty noble Seniors appeared at this meeting, however. Elections were the order of the day. In the nominations for President, Mr. Wollison declined because of various other responsibilities, and Mr. Steinway was elected to fill this office. Dorothy Moran is our new Vice President. The former Secretary and Treasurer are still in their old places, and our former class adviser was retained without a new election.

The subject of a ring committee was then brought up. We are profiting by the experiences of previous classes and are ordering our rings early. Evelyn White, Jack Gamwell and Neill Bridges were chosen as the committee. This should give an unbeatable combination of taste, business and experience.

We now have our officers and our ring committee. At our next meeting we shall probably choose our ring. The idea of looking at jewelry will, no doubt, attract the girls, and so, boys, beware, or the girls will be picking out a ring for you.

Mabel Knight '24, Sec.

Junior A's

The Junior A's are going strong!

The first meeting of the semester proved to be a very lively affair as it meant the election of officers. The result was that Mr. F. Gamwell retains his honorable position as President of the class. Mr. Jacoby again carried the notes and will continue as Vice President. Miss McLaughlin is still pushing her pen, while Miss Macbeth is once more trusted with the "purse". Those on the executive board are Isabelle Patnode, Evelyn Anderson and William Lanou.

The fund in the treasury was discussed and a few suggestions on how to increase it were given but no action on this matter has been taken. The class is ready for any daring enterprise, which surely means a bright future!

Mildred McLaughlin '25, Sec.

Junior B Notes

The Junior B's have just organized into what we are sure will be a record breaking class. As for enthusiasm we assure you that class will soon take the banner. The officers elected are: James Malloy, President; Norman Hollister, Vice President; Lois Young, Secretary and Charles Campbell, Treasurer. On the executive committee are these officers and Agnes Wentworth, Frances McMahon, and Everett Stewart. Miss Morse is our class adviser.

E. L. Young '25.

The Girls' League Notes

The Pittsfield Girls' League will soon be open for membership enrollment for the high school girls. Just think girls, there is a private dressing room with modern equipment for the high school members together with a "brand new gymnasium" and a "swimmin' hole" soon to be completed. Won't we have fun?

Not only is it our good fortune to have a new building but we are also very lucky in being able to have the same directors Miss Peaslee, Miss Henry, and Miss Hosburgh. So girls, if you want to be sure of having a tiptop time join the Girl's League NOW.

Gladys F. Briggs '24.

With the Teachers

One and all the teachers claim that they looked forward all summer to September fourth, the opening day of school. They wonder if the pupils can say the same.

There are two teachers who did not come back this year. One is Mrs. P. Elliot who substituted all last semester in algebra and geometry. The other is Mr. Moon who resigned in order to accept a position as principal of a high school at Port Chester, N. Y.

As a result of several clubs being formed in the school a number of the teachers are giving their time every Friday morning to the pupils who have joined these various club organizations.

Miss Waite has started an advanced public speaking club. Since she was a member of such a club outside of school last year, she is quite able to teach this class.

Mr. Keaney has a radio club, and he is teaching the boys how to make radio sets.

Under the capable direction of Miss Lanou, the handwork club is very successful. At present, the members are making Christmas gifts which she has suggested to them.

Mr. Brierly who is always well informed about the events of this world and the topics of the day has taken charge of the Current Events Club.

Last but not least comes the Student's Pen Club over which Mr. Hayes presides. Not only does he discuss with the members the various subjects for Pen material, but also he instructs them in the art of writing short stories.

Miss Morse who did a great deal towards cataloguing and arranging the books of our school library last year, is again to have charge of this work. Pupils are asked to volunteer their services to help her.

On October fifth, all the teachers were obliged to go to school, while the students had a "day-off". The reason for this was the teachers' convention. Oh yes, the orchestra went to school on that day too.

Thelma E. Nelson..

It isn't grand or glorious
It's hidden in the hills—
A poky little one horse place
With never any thrills.

It's hot as hang in summer
And cold in winter too;
We haven't any movies
There's not a thing to do.

We have no daily paper
Gee—this town is tame,
It's a poky little one horse place
But I like it just the same.

By Francis Hickey, Com'l.

Advanced Public Speaking Club Notes

This club is very decidedly a live one. We are just ten in number. This number should not frighten even a very bashful person. We can perform a vast amount of business in a very short time because of our small number. We have made plans for a very interesting course which includes several debates, special speeches such as toasts and introductions, memorized selections, simple exercises for developing our breathing and tones of voice, and lastly a play. This play will be presented at the end of the semester. Maybe the whole school will be favored with this presentation. This should afford the students in P. H. S. something even a little more pleasant than reports to be looked forward to at the end of the semester. In addition to our efficient number and busy course, our director, Miss Waite, adds to the liveliness of the club in spite of the opinion, which most students hold, that a class would be much livelier without a teacher. However, Miss Waite is more a friendly adviser than a teacher and if we follow her instructions, by the end of the semester we should all be leather-lunged, silver-tongued orators.

*Mabel Knight '24
(Club Scribe)*

Junior A Activities

A meeting of the Junior A class of the High School of Commerce was held September 20th, the following officers being elected: President, Marjorie Karner; Treasurer, Stanton McCroary; Secretary, Florence Helliwell; Class Adviser, Miss Downs. Vice President, Louis Plass.

On September 27th Ruth Bradway was elected as a delegate for the Student's Pen Committee and Stanton McCroary for the Class Council.

Florence Helliwell, Com'l.

Guess Who

In speaking of creatures
With beautiful features,
I'll pick on that girl in room 9.

Her eyebrows are penciled,
Her lips have been stenciled,
Her nose has a permanent shine.

If by chance you should meet her,
Beware how you greet her,
She sure has a bewitching "line".

Now you may think that I'm awful,
By my repeating this "jaw full"—
But this girl in room 9 is mine.

Joseph Campion '24.

Alumni Notes

Announcement has been made of the marriage of Elizabeth Goewey and Lawrence Pritchard which took place in June 1922. The marriage of Eleanor Fountaine and Crawford Conant on July 19th, 1923 has also been announced.

Mary Beckwith and Pauline Adams have entered the Boylan Memorial Training School.

Elizabeth Bagg '23 has entered Wheaton College.

"Sheik" Spall and Schuyler Goodrich '23 are enrolled at Colgate.

Ina Moore '23 is attending Miss Wheelock's School in Boston.

Frank White, valedictorian of the June Class of '23, has entered Dartmouth College.

Everett Lesure '23 entered Brown University at Providence, R. I. this fall.

Lorraine Krogman '22 is now at Syracuse University.

Dorothy Hallock '23 is a student at Russell Sage.

Charles German, Edward Goodrich, Clarence Wheeler, Clifton Nilson and Harold Steenrod have entered Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute at Troy, N. Y.

Mary Cooney '23 is at Manhattanville, College of the Sacred Heart, New York City.

Lucy Jacobs '23 is attending The Elms at Chicopee.

Kathryn Volin and Florence Purnell '23 are employed at the General Electric Co.

Marion Spall and Susy Strong '23 are studying at the Berkshire Business College in this city.

Helene Millet '23 entered Smith College this fall.

Edith Fenton '23 is at Framingham Normal, Framingham, Mass.

Sherman Beers '23, Wendell Budrow '23, Helen Armstrong '23, and Elizabeth Finger '23 are taking a P. G. course at P. H. S.

Mary Egan '23 and Agnes Thomson '23 are attending Westfield Normal.

Ruth Mackie '23 has entered Pembroke Hall, Brown University.

"Eddie" Hickey, former Editor-in-Chief of The Student's Pen, is in the receiving department of the General Electric Co.

Thomas Joyce is assistant editor of The Current News at the G. E.

William McLaughlin, Feb. '23 is employed in the Berkshire Life Insurance Co.

Thomas Flynn '23 has entered Lowell Textile.

George Gerst is at M. I. T.

Frances Tompkins is attending Lowell Normal.

Catherine Humphreyville Feb. '23, is taking the Secretarial Course at Simmons.

Isabel Hesse Feb. '23 is enrolled at St. Elizabeth's College, Convent Station, N. J.

Dorothy Beardsley Feb. '23 is employed in the Victrola Department of Frank S. Clark's.

William Gitelman '23 has entered the New Hampshire State College.

Kearons Whalen has entered Niagara University. "Lefty" should "make good" in several sports.

Frances Farrell '24.

Homework

Oh, Homework, Homework all day long,
Yes, Homework, Homework, prose or song.
It hardly seems that it is right
To give us Homework every night.

Shadows of Homework will loom up
When I dine or when I sup.
It seems I scarce can ever eat
Or stop at all to rest or sleep.

But Homework follows very nigh,
Then I begin to heave and sigh,
"Oh dear, when shall I ever find
The time to rest my weary mind!"

I hurry here, I scurry there
I haven't any time to spare.
I hate to study, work, work, work,
But it's a duty I shan't shirk.

Hark! What is that knocking at my door?
Hush! Oh, there it is once more,
Oh dear, whoever can it be
That keeps on knocking loud for me?

Oh, me, Oh, my, it's late I see,
Yes, now I know what's calling me.
It's Homework, dismal, dismal name
Although it has achieved great fame.

Homework, Homework, dismal sound
It follows me with leap and bound.
I never, never go a place
Without its coming double pace
To tell me that I must not play
For I have work to do today.

In fancy oftentimes I hear
The call of Homework, loud and drear,
It follows me with broad grimace
Which I must meet with, face to face.

Many's the time I've sought in vain
The cause for calls which I was fain
To think were real; when to my glee
I find they are but fantasy.

Beatrice Mackie.

The Lake

Placed between two lofty mountains
Lies a Lake I love to see,
Waters cool and clear as fountains,
Air as sweet as by the sea.

And in nooks mid weeds we find
Water lilies pure and sweet.
On the banks the lowly kine
Feed, with thistles round their feet.

Rowboats labor down its length,
Swiftly glides the light canoe,
Motor boats with greater strength
Pass them all, the sailboats too.

In the water, cool and clear,
Mermaid beauties splash and play;
And at dawn the graceful deer
Drink their fill, then go away.

Frances Rawson, Com'l.

Gareth and Lynette

1.

Gareth, son of king and queen,
Envied much the knights of old,
And would bedecked with armour bright,
Have been a knight so brave and bold.

2.

But nay, his mother would not so,
Her son she wished to wed a maid,
Whom she would choose and blessings give,
But Gareth said, "Think I'm afraid?"

3.

In vain she pleaded with the lad,
But did at last give her consent,
Though he must in the kitchen work,
Until twelve months themselves had spent.

4.

And so to good King Arthur's hall,
Lithe Gareth journeyed with two men,
There found work as kitchen knave,
And thus prepared the year to spend.

5.

But when two months had passed away,
There came to court a maiden fair,
Who wished Sir Lancelot as a boon,
To help her sister in despair.

6.

In the meantime Gareth had
Been released from his strange vow,
For his mother had forgiven him
And so was Arthur's nephew now.

7.

But how amazed was fair Lynette,
Not Lancelot did she receive
But, lo! King Arthur strange to say
Sent Gareth on this mighty deed.

8.

She treated Gareth with contempt,
But all her blows he took with ease,
Until in spite of outward hate,
Her feelings such were soon appeased.

9.

Fair dastard knaves he overcame
Who held her sister prisoner,
And gained the gratitude of both,
The friend of one, the other more.

10.

Some say he wedded fair Lynette,
Some say that Lyonors was bride,
But of the knights so staunch and true,
Sir Gareth won a place of pride.

Ruth Bradway, Com'l.

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Autumn

O Autumn, art thou coming now to glorify
This verdant earth with colors bright and skies of blue,
To change this whole world into Fairyland, while I
Sit by and watch all nature changed again by you?

Yet must you come and change this world of ours once more,
E'en as the advance of life doth change the glow of man,
Take from him all his youth, his joys and cares of yore,
But leave him winner of the race of life he ran.

For then he can look back upon a life well-spent,
A life of pure unselfish deed and free from sin,
To all, to everyone his life and soul he lent
And now another life he soon will enter in.

Oh! Happy is the man who such a life has led,
Whose spring and summer bless his autumn, crown his head.

A Senior.



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High School Miss

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Jack Tar Middies,
fashioned of excellent
quality jean without braid,
in sizes 6 to 22 years.

Price \$1.75

England Brothers

Listen, my children, and you shall hear
The sighs of a student studying much
Latin and Greek and French and such
For examination days are near.

The trembling student's filled with fear
For all his marks are in the rear,
And on his face there is no cheer—
For examination days are here.

He goes to his recitation room
But on his face there is no gloom
But on his lips a defiant sneer
And on his cuff are symbols queer—
And now again he breathes at last
For examinations days are past.

By Francis Hickey, Com'l.

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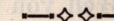
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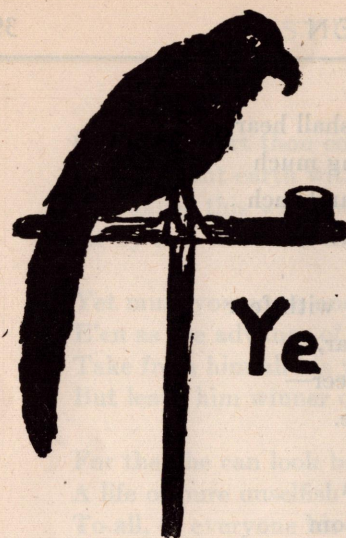
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GIRLS' DEPARTMENT

Popular Songs

When You Walked Out Someone Walked Right In.....	Virginia May
I Find 'em, Fool 'em, Fondle 'em, and Forget 'em.....	Herrick Cook
Come On Home.....	Emily to Louise
That Red-Head Gal.....	Dorothy Cain
Wildflower.....	Mildred Chown
Hi Le—Hi Lo.....	Graves and Britt
Swinging Down the Lane (with you).....	Loretta and Joe
Every Wednesday Night.....	Gladys and Ed. H.
My Sweetie Went Away.....	Loretta Fillion
Who's Sorry Now?.....	Lillian C. and Edgar W.
Peanuts 5c A Bag.....	"Al Wms."
I Love Her and She Loves Me.....	Laura V. and Bill
I Love Me.....	Heck Learned
Foolish Child.....	Dwight Root
'Scuse Me Teacher.....	"Bob" Volk
Journey's End.....	Graduation

Mrs. Van: Laura, who called last night?

Laura: Only Gladys, Mother.

Mrs. Van: Well you tell Gladys not to leave her pipe on the piano again.

What did Jack Frost say when he proposed to Miss Rose?

How should I know?

Wilt thou? And she wilted.

Mr. Hayes: How would you punctuate this sentence, Miss Green a beautiful young girl of seventeen walked down the street.

"Chub G.": I certainly would make a dash after Miss Green.

A Shakespearean Romance

Who were the lovers? (Romeo and Juliet)

What was their courtship like? (Midsummer's Night Dream)

What was her answer to his proposal? (As you Like It)

About what time of the month were they married? (Twelfth Night)

Of whom did he buy the ring? (The Merchant of Venice)

Who were the best man and the maid of honor? (Antony and Cleopatra)

Who were the ushers? (The Two Gentlemen of Verona)

Who gave the reception? (The Merry Wives of Windsor)

In what kind of a place did they live? (Hamlet)

What was her disposition like? (The Tempest)

What was his chief occupation after marriage? (Taming of the Shrew)

What caused their first quarrel? (Much Ado About Nothing)

What did their courtship prove to be? (Love's Labor Lost)

What did their married life resemble? (A Comedy of Errors)

What did they give each other? (Measure for Measure)

What did their friends say? (All's Well That Ends Well)

The People's Home Journal

Mr. Lucy: Does your wife favor useful gifts?

Mr. Knight: Too much. Last Christmas she gave me a nice new snow shovel.

K. Dickie: I'd like to take you to the movies to-night but the seats wouldn't be comfortable.

The Girl from Yokum: What makes you think so?

K. D.: The government put a tax on them.

Miss Clifford: What are you trying to do with that magnifying glass?

E. MacCartney: Trying to make a dollar out of this dime.

Bootblack: Shine your shoes, sir?

J. Campion: No.

Bootblack: Shine 'em so you can see your face in 'em.

J. Campion: No, I tell you.

Bootblack: Coward.

Father: Your friend's watch must be fast.

Isabel: Fast? Why father?

Father: I looked at my watch last night and it was just twelve o'clock, but I heard him say, "Just one".

Miss Day: How many subjects do you take?

Al. Williams: I take five.

Miss Day: Oh I heard so. You are exposed to three and dragging two.

Mr. Briely: What does Ph.D. stand for after the name of an author?
Cote: Physical Director.

G. Briggs (entering room 14): I'll be here four days a week.
Miss Casey: What four?
G. Briggs: To study.

Little tests in Latin,
Little tests in Math,
Make a bunch of red-marks
And a parent's wrath.

Nature cannot jump from winter to summer without a spring, or from
summer to winter without a fall.

When the donkey saw the zebra,
He began to switch his tail;
"Well I never", was his comment.
"There's a mule that's been in jail."

Mrs. Bennett (Hist. 1-3): Stand up there and talk on your feet.

Miss Clifford: Tomorrow we will review the class of insects. We'll begin
here and go right around the class.
B. Hallock: What class am I in?

Neill (in a hurry): Give me a round trip ticket.
Ticket Agent: Where to?
Neill: Back here, where-ja suppose?

Miss Conlon (to a freshman): Give the nomative of farmer.
Freshman (flustered): Ag-Ag-Agricultuer

Elizabeth Yeadon '24.

Ed Condon: Say "Bub" how do you get the name of 'Jockey'?
L. Pierce: By riding through Caesar on a pony.

He was looking upwards. A crowd gathered; even the autos stopped and
the inmates looked up. "It's no use," he said, "you can't swallow a pill without
water—*High School Register.*"

Teacher: What is your name?
Freshman: Jule.
Teacher: You must say Julius. (To another pupil) What is your name?
Second Freshman: Billous.

BOYS' DEPARTMENT

"I've come to fix that old tub in the kitchen."
"Oh, mama! Here's the doctor to see the cook!"

"What's Deacon Boggs looking so glum about?"
"He prayed to the Lord to deliver him from temptation when he went to
the city, and the Lord did."

A microscopic youth, with a penny clutched firmly in his moist hand, stood
on tiptoe in front of a candy counter, inspecting the goods. Nothing seemed to
please him and finally the clerk, in exasperation, said: "See here, young fellow,
do you want to buy the whole world with a fence around it for a penny?"

The prospective purchaser meditated a moment and then replied: "Let's
see it."

"How dare you kiss the maid while I'm out?"
"Why, my dear! That's the only chance I have."

Evelyn White: "Have you hair nets?"
Clerk: "Yes, ma'am."
Evelyn White: "Invisible?"
Clerk: "Yes, ma'am."
Evelyn White: "Let me see one."

My sweetest dream of perfect joy
and undiluted bliss is
To kill the guy who grabs the phone
and asks, "Ja know who this is?"

Mr. Strout (in wilds of New Hampshire to keeper of Country store):
"Have you any tooth brushes?"
Storekeeper: "No, we don't keep any of them summer novelties."

L. W. Acheson

FLORIST



Geographical Definitions

Mountain: A field with its back up.

Island: Piece of land out for a swim.

Lady: What is that strange smell I get from that field?

Farmer: Fertilizer, ma'am.

Lady: For Land's sake!

Farmer: Yes, ma'am.

The head of a large shop while passing through the packing room observed a boy lounging against a case of goods whistling a tune. The chief stopped and looked at him. "How much do you get a week?" he demanded.

"Five dollars."

"Then here's this week's pay. Now clear out." The boy pocketed the money and departed. "When did we hire that boy?" the chief inquired of the department manager.

"Never," was the reply. "He just brought a note from another firm."

Can You Imagine:

"Dot" Moran gossiping?

"Eve" White not in a hurry?

"Bob" Acly not having his lesson?

Doris Acheson wearing a mild-looking sweater?

"Bob" Volk not having a husky cough?

"Sis" White acting grown up?

Stewart Goodell with a shave and a haircut?

"Joe" Garrity with a serious look?

"Herb" Wollison not making a rumpus?

Trudel Pierce without some candy the fifth period?

The boys taking home their books?

The Senior girls skipping around the auditorium?

Dwight Root not getting called down?

and last but not least,

Jack Gamwell without his marcel?

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Oh! September

'Twas eventide. The small boy stood on the bridge slapping his hands vigorously. Beyond the brow of the hill a dull red glow suffused the sky.

"Aha, little boy," remarked the stranger, who was a little near-sighted, "it does my heart good to see you appreciate yon cloud effect."

"Yes, sir," replied the lad, "I've been watching it for ten minutes."

Upon the boy's face there appeared a smile of perfect bliss.

"A real poet without a doubt, and do you watch the sunset often, little boy?"

Sunsets? Why, that ain't a sunset, governor, that's the village schoolhouse burning down."

Keep Cool

In explaining why a chisel must be kept wet with cold water when being sharpened, on a grindstone, John, the brilliant physics student said: "A chisel must be kept wet with water else it will become very hot and lose its temper."

Yeh!

Mr. Bolger: "Why is it that lightning never strikes the same place twice?"

Johnny: "Because after it hits once, the same place isn't there any more."

Blue Monday Latin

Teacher: "Please conjugate the verb, do."

Pupil nudging neighbor: "What did she say?"

Neighbor: "Dunno."

Pupil: "Dunno, dunnare, dunnavi, dunnatus."

On a bulletin board of a certain Presbyterian Church, they were accustomed to place the title of the sermon for the following Sunday and then the names of the soloists for that day. One week the following was seen:

Sunday, August 14

Attempting the Impossible

Mrs. Smith will sing.

Frosh: "How did you find New York?"

Soph: "Easily. It was right there at the station when I got off."

Teacher in Ethics: "I will lecture to-day on liars. How many have read Chapter 25?"

Nearly all the class raised their hands.

Teacher: "That's fine. You're the very group to whom I wish to speak. There is no 25th Chapter."

Ma: "Is the clock running, Will?"

Will: "No, Ma, it's just standing still and waggin' its tail."

"This is a hard family to live with," complained the piano. "Alice pounds me every day for an hour or two."

"Well at least you don't have to work," exclaimed the clock. "My hands are never idle; they keep them running every minute."

"Talk about work," cried the table, "why almost everything is put upon me."

"You may all talk till you're tired, but you must all admit that not one of you is so sat upon as I am," finished the chair.

"Now, Bobby, how much do six and four make?"

"Eleven, sir."

"Guess again."

"Twelve, nine, thirteen."

"How about ten?"

"You can't fool me on that. Five and five make ten."

A teacher giving a lecture on the rhinoceros found his class not giving him all the attention it should. "Now, boys," he said, "if you want to realize a true hideous picture of this animal, you must keep your eyes fixed on me."

Jim: I met Charley Fuller today. He says I am getting fat.

Joe: Its only natural he should say so.

Jim: Why?

Joe: You were looking Fuller in the face.

"We have ninety keys in our house and not one fits any of the doors!"

"Then what's the use of them?"

"Oh, we couldn't play the piano very well without them!"

Mind Over Matter

A professor, while roaming through the fields, found himself confronted by a bull. Desiring to pass and also not to offend the beast, the professor said, "My friend, you are my superior in strength, but I am your superior in mind, and so being equally gifted let us arbitrate the matter."

"Oh, no," replied the bull, "let's toss up for it."

The professor lost.

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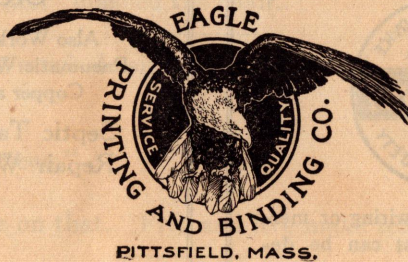


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